

FREMONT JOURNAL.

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

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Fremont, November 24, 1850—36

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Fremont, Jan. 24, 1851.

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Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Deal's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

Eclectic Physicians.

DOCTORS Wm. W. Karshner & Wm. H. Knapp.

Office: South East corner of Pike and Front streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to professional calls.

Fremont, July 24th, 1850.—1y.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, JUNE 11, 1853.

NUMBER 20.

Gems.

Pencilled Passages.

FROM CLOVERNOOK.

—What a crown of beauty, hiding away from remembrance a thousand weaknesses and frailties, making bright the saddest eyes, and sweet the faintest smile, is the love of women! What were home without it! what were life, what the world, or what all we conceive of heaven without it!

—They are small things that make up the sum of human happiness or misery in a smile or a kind word, may strengthen us for the tasks and duties of the day, more than the fresh air of summer more than the shelter of a broad roof, or the faintest smile, or the most delicious and inspiring wines. A reproachful glance, an untoward event, a ruthless conviction, falls on the hands like paralysis, on the heart like mildew; and landscape fades not so much with the slant rays of autumn beating cold against its flowers, as for the presence of any of these.

—Sooner or later we grow weary, and covet for our bleeding feet and broken hearts the comfort of the grave; for life has no good un-mixed with grief. The laurel wreath itself only about haggard and aching brows; under the flames that steam across the centuries lie the gray ashes of all dearest hopes; the great graves of despair beat ever against the citadel of joy, until we are glad to fold the darkness about us, and go down to the narrow house, there, at least, to rest. No troubling dream disturbs the pillow, no necessity to labor or to wait, calls us away from the quiet, to front with fainting and failing powers, the terrors of adverse destiny. The morning goes, and comes again, and again, but visits our eyelids with no unwelcome light. The sobbing rains of the spring-time beautify with flowers the covering that is over us, the dry leaves of autumn drop down, and the white snows of winter settle over the grave mound like the pale sheet over the newly dead; but to the pale sleepers it is all the same, for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom nor knowledge in the grave.

—How like a peal of thunder awakening us from some pleasant dream, when the dashing of the rain at the window, the howling of the tempest on the hill, and the blank darkness about us, take the place of the soft voice that was in our ears, and the smile that warmed our hearts, leaving us for a moment startled and bewildered, comes intelligent of the death of a friend, whom we left a few weeks, or it may be a few days ago, in the enjoyment of vigorous health.

—A thousand times over we may say to ourselves, Can my weak hands wrest my destiny from the power of Omnipotence? Can I warp circumstances to my will? Can I be other than I am? and so, yield to the sway of blind impulse, but a voice that condemns us—a still, small voice—is speaking all the while in our hearts, and making itself felt above our senseless declamation. Turn right about from the tempter, weak, ill, and work—work diligently and earnestly, doing what your hand finds to do with your might—and the wicked one will flee away. No mere intellectual resolve, though never so well contrived, is strong enough, without work. If you come to a rock that you can neither blast nor break, nor dig under; nor climb over, turn aside, but work on, and by little and little you will get forward, and each step will give new strength for the next, till at last you will triumph, even though it be not till that "honey flower that crowns extreme old age" shall have blossomed on your brow.

—The world is full of bruised and crushed hearts and desolate spirits: moans of sorrow creep even like through the sunshine, and under the laughter, however gay and loud; pillows of pain, and chambers where the soft pulse of sleep will not reach, are all over the world; since the serpent folds were among flowers, there is no perpetual bloom; and since sin furrowed the world with grave-mounds, and the white wings of the angels darkened away from the curse, there is no rest and no solace for us any more.

—Our feet would be weary on the green hills of heaven in the first passionate consciousness of our desolation, and our lips parched by the sweet waters of life, if all that made an Eden to us here were wanting there.

—We have need to be thankful that when man brought on the primal glory of his nature the mildew of sin, God did not cast us utterly from him but in the unsearchable riches of his mercy struck upon the refuge of the grave. If there were no fountain where our sins of scarlet might be washed white as wool, if the black night of death were not bordered by the golden shadows of the morning of immortality, if deep in the darkness were not hidden the foundations of the white bastions of peace, if there were yet an unestimable privilege to lay aside the burden of life, for life becomes, sooner or later, a burden, and an echo among ruins.

—It seems, sometimes as if we were but drifted here and there, by blind chances, to perish, at last, like the flowers; and this especially seems true, when, after striving earnestly but vainly to pierce the darkness which lies between the farthest stretch of imagination, and the eternal bright about God, our thoughts come back to our poor mortal being. Else it seems that we were predestinated from eternity to fill a certain rank, from which there is no escape; and, sick at heart, we turn from each lofty endeavor. We have too little of the child's faith—too little of dimpled and trustful reliance on "our Father."

My life was a long dream; when I awoke, Duty stood like an angel in my path, And seemed so terrible, I could have turned Into my yesterday's, and wand'ring back To distant childhood, and gone out to God By the gate of birth, not death.

Great duties are before me and great songs, And whether crowned or crownless, when I fall It matters not, so as God's work is done. I've learned to prize the quiet lightning-deed, Not the appalling thunder at its heels, Which men call fame.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD STORY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Says Tom to Jim, as forth they went, To walk one evening fine, 'I wish the sky a green field, And all that pasture mine.

'And I,' says Jim, 'with yonder stars, That there no life shine, Were every one a good fat ox, And all those oxen mine.'

'Where would your cattle graze?' 'Why, in your pasture fair.' 'They should not, that's a fact,' said Tom; 'They should not, I declare!'

With that they frowned, and struck, and fought, And fiercely stood at bay, And for a foolish fact cast Their old regard away.

And many a war, on broader scale, Hath stained the earth with gore, For castles in the air, that fell Before the strife was o'er.

For the Journal.

THE WRONG ROOM—A FACT—OF COURSE.

BY W.

During the war of the Revolution, and at the time of the encampment of the British army under Cornwallis on Pumpkin Plains in New Jersey, there belonged to the 5th regiment of Light Dragoons, a jovial, light hearted fellow, whom for convenience sake, we shall call Ned Rawson, and who boasted the rank of Captain. We will not occupy time in describing his personal appearance, but, at the same time, wishing that the reader should have a tolerable notion of it, we will say for correct comparison, that he looked exactly like himself.

Now, by the way, Pumpkin Plains were settled principally by Germans, and there was no wonder, that in so quiet a place as that excluded region, the "pomp and circumstance of war" should strike the honest-hearted peasant with awe, nor is it at all strange that swords and uniforms were the admiration of the buxom lassies of Pumpkin Plains, who, to do them justice, were by no means of that style of beauty to be slighted, especially if the beholder delighted in round cheeks; lips not precisely of the rose-bud order, but rather more like the blood beet; eyes, which, when taken in connexion with the general contour of the face, had that deep, heavenly expression, which would be presented by a couple of yellow onions floating in a pan of melted lard; and a foot and ankle, oh! ye Gods, let me not speak of them, lest transport lay hold upon me; and then this formidable array of personal charms, veiled by the most charming, bashful, and retiring modesty.

In consequence of these things, were the marriage of a goodly number of the rich farmer's daughters to poor soldiers with fine uniforms; a thing which rather tickled the vanity of the mothers, and no doubt pleased the daughters. But notwithstanding this, "marrying and giving in marriage" there still remained one beauty over whose head the matrimonial noose could not be cast, owing, it must be conceded, to the obstinacy of her misanthropic parent, who would listen to no proposal for the marriage of his daughter, but guarded her as faithfully as did ever the monster Cerubus the cavernous entrance to Pluto's infernal regions. He even went so far as to serve a summary process of shoe leather ejectment upon a young captain, who had the insolence to propose a union with his Mary. The sweet Mary was by no means insensible to the attraction of laced caps and military whiskers, a thing not at all strange. But not so with her choleric parent; he instantly flew into a rage, declaring that officers "were von tam boderation and trouble," and completed his lecture by sending his spleen on the large house dog, "Bijou," and kicking the cat most unmercifully whenever she came in his reach. The fact of Mary being so strictly guarded, only made her an object of interest to the officers, since she appeared like a something which might not be possessed—a kind of forbidden fruit—and this very circumstance invested the innocent Mary with tenfold charms.

No sooner had the success and treatment of the captain become known, than he was made the laughing stock of his "mess," and the beautiful Mary was left to languish in obscurity, until the dashing Ned Rawson declared his determination to make love to her. His friends thought this a dangerous undertaking, and so declared to Ned. But his care-disposition loved the undertaking the better from its difficulties and dangers, and he philosophized, that if the old man should kill him, he could be buried with him; and he was a custom among the rich farmers, who were very strict in the performance of their religious duties; Mary with the rest of the family, was obliged every Sabbath, whether willing or not, to attend church, which act of devotion she more readily performed, as it afforded her an opportunity of seeing a number of the officers. Ned studied much and long before he could contrive to gain an interview with the delightful Mary. At length he hit upon a happy expedient; the old church afforded or might afford, the desired opportunity of conversing with the object of his passion. Thither he accordingly repaired on the following Sabbath. Mary was there. After the service was over, Ned obtained her permission to escort her home, and during the walk the manner of their meeting was arranged, much to the satisfaction of Ned, though rather against the scruples of the bashful Mary. It was concluded that inasmuch as they could not meet with the consent of the parent, they would meet without his knowledge, and in the following manner. After all the rest had retired to rest, Mary was to leave her light burning at her window (and Ned was sure he should know it from among a thousand on account of its lustre) which window, and the room to which it belonged (though of the last I am not quite certain) were situated on the first floor of the old family mansion. At precisely ten o'clock, three friendly raps upon the window were to warn Mary of the presence of her faithful cavalier. They met that night after this fashion.

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Nor was this the last meeting; they succeeded each other as regularly as Sabbath succeeded Sabbath. In the mean time, as a matter of consequence, a strong affection sprang up between the dashing Ned and the spirited Mary, and many a happy hour (stolen of course, but like kisses, the sweeter for it,) they spent together. Of course such pleasant days were not destined to last forever. "The course of true love" never did "run smooth," at least so we are taught to believe, and so the termination of this affair goes to prove. After an evening spent at the card table, in which the whole party had become highly excited by the play, and plentiful draughts of wine, Ned took it into his head to visit Mary, his beloved Mary. He did not consider how improper would be a visit at two o'clock in the morning, and that too, without giving his "lady love" due notice. He had arrived at that point which sets reason at defiance; and away he went. He had visited her so often, that he did not consider it worth while to give the customary warning raps, and "thereby hangs a tale." Accordingly he hoisted the window, and making a partial ingress, hung with his feet suspended over the sill inside for a moment, and then dropped. Thunder and blood suckers! He fell into some cold substance to his hips. He then attempted to step forward, partly because it was the will of the wine which he had drunk, and partly because the impetus which he had gained in dropping from the window sill, rendered it necessary to maintain his physical equilibrium, the mental having been already lost. In his attempt to step forward, he found his feet encased and entangled in something like a half bushel, and he fell forward at full length upon the floor, with all the noise attendant upon a calamity of that kind and time, and the tremendous crash, discolored its liquid contents of butter, milk and butter over his splendid uniform. The truth flashed upon him at once. He had got into "the wrong room." He did not pause to find further evidences of the fact, but left in the quickest manner possible. But Mary had heard all, and comprehended all, when she saw by the glimmering light of the moon, her lover emerge from the pantry window, drenched with the contents of the churn, which, on the last evening, she had placed under the window. Her plans were laid immediately. She went out and getting Bijou, she took him into the pantry and swabbed him well with the same liquid which had besmeared her lover. She then obliterated the marks about the window which Ned had made in his egress, and returned to her bed. The next morning she was awakened from slumber by the piteous yells of poor, innocent Bijou, who received an unmerciful drubbing, the old man declaring that "he was von tam miserable schountail." As for Ned, he was sick and confined to his bed for several days, at least, until his uniform was washed and dried. It is hardly necessary to state, that Ned never visited Mary again; he tried hard to keep his adventure secret, but it would leak out, and Ned was obliged to throw up his commission and return to England; but not, however, until Mary had informed him by a note, of the result of the matter, and begged him to continue his visits. Mary could never after be prevailed upon to marry, but lived an old maid, and died at a very advanced age.

SCOLDING.—It is as natural for some people to scold, as to breathe. They could not if denied the blessed pastime of dealing in such language. Even when unprovoked, their words are as sharp as a two edged sword. To say that we had rather hear thunder, is a feeble comparison. We had rather hear a gong, especially if it calls to dinner. We once knew a child who actually snivelled because his mother neglected to scold him for pounding the cat's tail with a boot-jack. The truth is, that children become so accustomed to scolding that they look upon it as a matter of course. We never knew a scolding parent who could make a child mind without a hickory gad or broom-stick. They move only when knocked end-ways. Reader, do you scold?—[Clayton Chief.]

THE following is CHURCHER'S tribute to Spring: It is as rich as a "grand old master's" poem: "A laugh rings over the hills and along the valleys—as musical as that which, many days ago, made the heart leap up, as do the waves at nightfall to greet the coming of the stars. "The air is full of melodious articulations—for the orchestra of Nature, with singular unities, takes up and prolongs the merry overture of spring. "Beneath our feet the fresh and dazzling grass—here and there spangled with butter-cups, and made blue with violets; above our heads stretches a mist-lake sky. "Like a soul that has passed from the hard travel-paths of earth, to put on the unfading vesture of immortality, the desolate trees are trembling with the throes of a new existence, and are hastening to cover their nakedness with garments of wonderful beauty. "The waters dash in the sunbeam—the robin commeth to the ear the whistle of the thrush, the neighing of the loosened charger, and the bleating of the lamb. "And this is Spring! the new birth of Nature—the legacy of the past and the emblem of the future. She commeth in the loveliness of a goddess—with the gentleness of a child; we adore the Divinity, and the lips of the youngling we cover with grateful kisses. "Know ye not that even now it is not spring with all that wintry heart and frozen feelings are plentiful among us? Let us temper our passionate welcome with silent piety, and take the abundance of our joy to give unto those with whom all seasons are the same."

We know not at all the man we know not thoroughly. There are few men who deserve to be studied. From this it arises that the man of true merit has in general little solicitude to be known. He is aware that his number each one has his connections, his interests, his self-love, which prevents him from forming an unbiased opinion, and from giving to merit its proper place.

Educational Department.

The following from Hine is excellent, and we hope it may find many intelligent and attentive readers.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

We are all in the great School-House of the Universe. We are all learners, from the first to the last breath we draw—learners of the Good and the True, or of the Evil and the False. Every thing in the Universe that comes within the reach of human contact possesses an influence upon man. Nature's School-House is beautifully adorned and magnificently arrayed. All that we complain of in Society grows out of mental inferiority; but as man is introduced to the works of Creation admitted into the interior of Nature's School-House, he grows superior, and his enjoyments increase, as do his virtue, his knowledge, and his development.

All that is required is to open the eyes of the blind that they may behold the beauty and glory of God's Great Kingdom; to untangle their ears that they may hear the melody of Nature and the music of the Spheres; and to unlock the gates of the Understanding that man may be filled with the great thoughts and noble sentiments inspired by true Enlightenment. But there are School-Houses on a smaller scale. Every Household, every Church, every Reading-room, Library, and Lyceum, in short every place in which intelligent beings congregate, is a School-House, where mind is Educated, where shape and direction are given to human destiny. These are chiefly the schools for adult persons, and they have much, yes, almost everything to do with the interests and welfare of the people. In proportion to their efficiency, is the present generation improved, virtue promoted, and happiness increased.

The Household, however, is the School-House of the children in their earliest years, when the most is done in the formation of character. Same have thought that the principal elements of character are imparted during the first seven years of life; if so, how absolute is the influence of Humanity! And when we reflect that so much parental ignorance prevails in relation to the discipline and development of children; when we reflect that more than half of these Schools in even our own land are most unfortunate for the youth that are trained therein; when we reflect that the fashion and aristocracy on the one hand, and the privation and vice on the other, render childhood's home most destructive to genuine worth and well-being, we are sometimes led to despair of saving the whole people from the evils under which Humanity groans. But when we turn to another class of School-Houses, and reflect that they can be made as attractive and efficient in moral and intellectual culture as we please, there is some relief to the sad picture of home and its darkness. In these Public School-Houses the children of unfortunate parents can find relief. They can be made pleasant Asylums to which they can fly for refuge from ugliness, uncleanness, and depravity at home.

Home ought to be the Holy of Holies in the Great Temple of Humanity. Everything within and without ought to be beautiful, pure, chaste and simple. No base thought, vile feeling, nor vulgar action ought ever to invade this sanctuary. Much care is taken of the Church, and no one is permitted to walk her aisles with unsandaled feet; but how much more care should be taken of the still more sacred temple of Home, where the mind of every man and woman receives its first impressions! And yet, little thought is given to this. Too many of these nurseries are rank with poisonous weeds. Too many Homes are filled with the deepest corruptions to which the young are subjected.

But this is due to parental inferiority, and while the mature cannot be suddenly transformed into angels, we can open the door of the Public School-House and welcome the children to a house of heavenly refuge, where the evil influences of Home may be counteracted. The good is stronger than the evil; the true than the false. The young can be readily attracted by the good and true, for the children would be nearly right if half a chance were given them.

All hail, then, to the Public School-House! and let no pains be spared to make it what it should be. What are some of the principles that should direct in the building of these citadels of Virtue, these temples of Human progress, these pillars of the Republic?

1. Its size should be ample for the accommodation of all the children within walking distance, unless in case of a large city, where there are more than can be advantageously managed in one building. Five hundred, or even a thousand, are not too many under a good roof, provided the institution be organized as it should be.

2. It should be as pleasantly located as possible, with ground enough for recreation, walks, green plots, flowers, and shrubbery. The influence of these cannot be estimated. They tend a charm to all around, soothe the rough temper, increase the general amiability, and do what the rod could never accomplish, dispose the pupils to good order. This is highly important to make the place attractive to all those children who are unpleasantly situated at home.

3. The building should be directed by architectural skill, so as to subserve good taste, convenience, comfort, and economy. Money would be saved by patronizing a good Architect, who, under the directions of a good teacher, should furnish the plan.

4. The building should be thoroughly ventilated, and it is as easy to secure this indispensable prerequisite to health, as it is to make the school-room the generator of colds, coughs and consumption.

5. There should be as many school and recitation-rooms as the number of pupils may require; two large reception halls, one for the males, and the other for the females, and calculated for play-halls when the weather is inclement. The school-rooms should be provided with the most comfortable seats and convenient desks, all too neat to be abused. The floors should be kept clean, and if carpeted so much the better. The walls should be hung with maps, diagrams, and black-boards. All within should be in good taste, and the doors should remain locked, until the ringing of the bell.

6. Each School-House should be provided with all the apparatus that can aid in imparting instruction, and if the public spirit would place a good library there also, out of which the pupils may draw books and circulate them at those homes where scarcely a ray of light is permitted to shine, it would be of immense service in banishing moral darkness from society.

Of course, the School-House will be more or less perfect as the public sentiment of the town is more or less elevated. These edifices ought to be the Colleges of the Land from which all who choose may graduate with a thorough Education. They should be the People's Colleges, Free to All, and in every other respect superior to any other institutions.

The School-House should be the proudest monument of the City, Town, or Neighborhood. The Churches of our cities are decorated with all the cunning of Art, but the School-House is thrown together with rude hands. The Church is used once a week by the adults chiefly, but the School-House is daily occupied by children on whom such influences would have a most salutary effect.—Hine's Progress Pamphlets.

Do not sit dumb in company. That looks either like pride, cunning or stupidity. Give your opinion modestly, but freely; hear that of others with candor; and ever endeavor to find out and to communicate truth.

The ladies are said to have been thrown into the greatest consternation at the recent appointment of a number of lawyers in all parts of England, to register the names of married women.

About the coolest item we have ever met with, is that idea of Sam Slick's where he says "he felt a desire to take off his flesh and sit in his bones, awhile, to cool himself." If any body can report a "cooler comfort," we should be happy to hear.—[Sandusky Register.]